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ROAD OF A THOUSAND WONDERS

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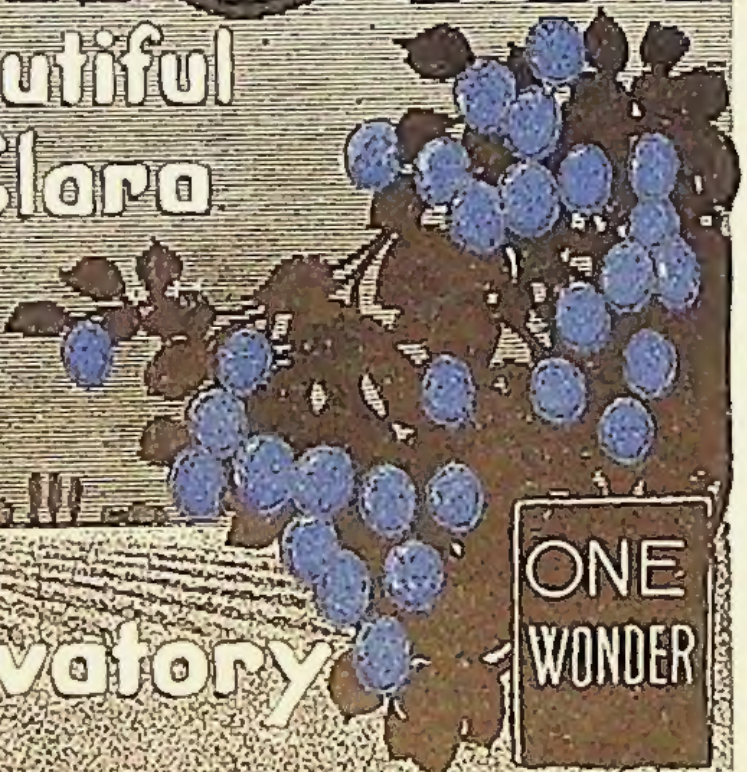
The beautiful Santa Clara Valley and Lick Observatory



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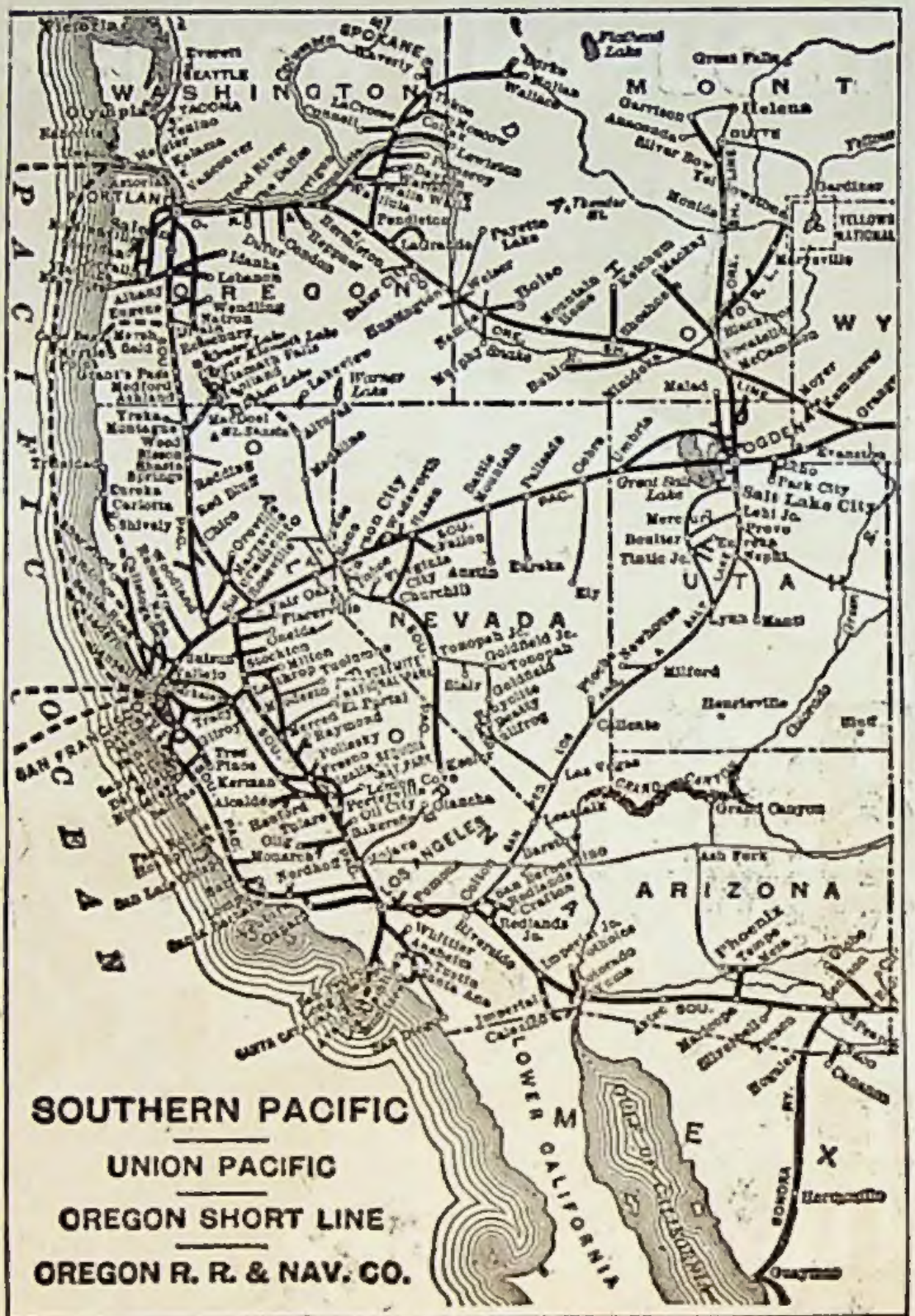
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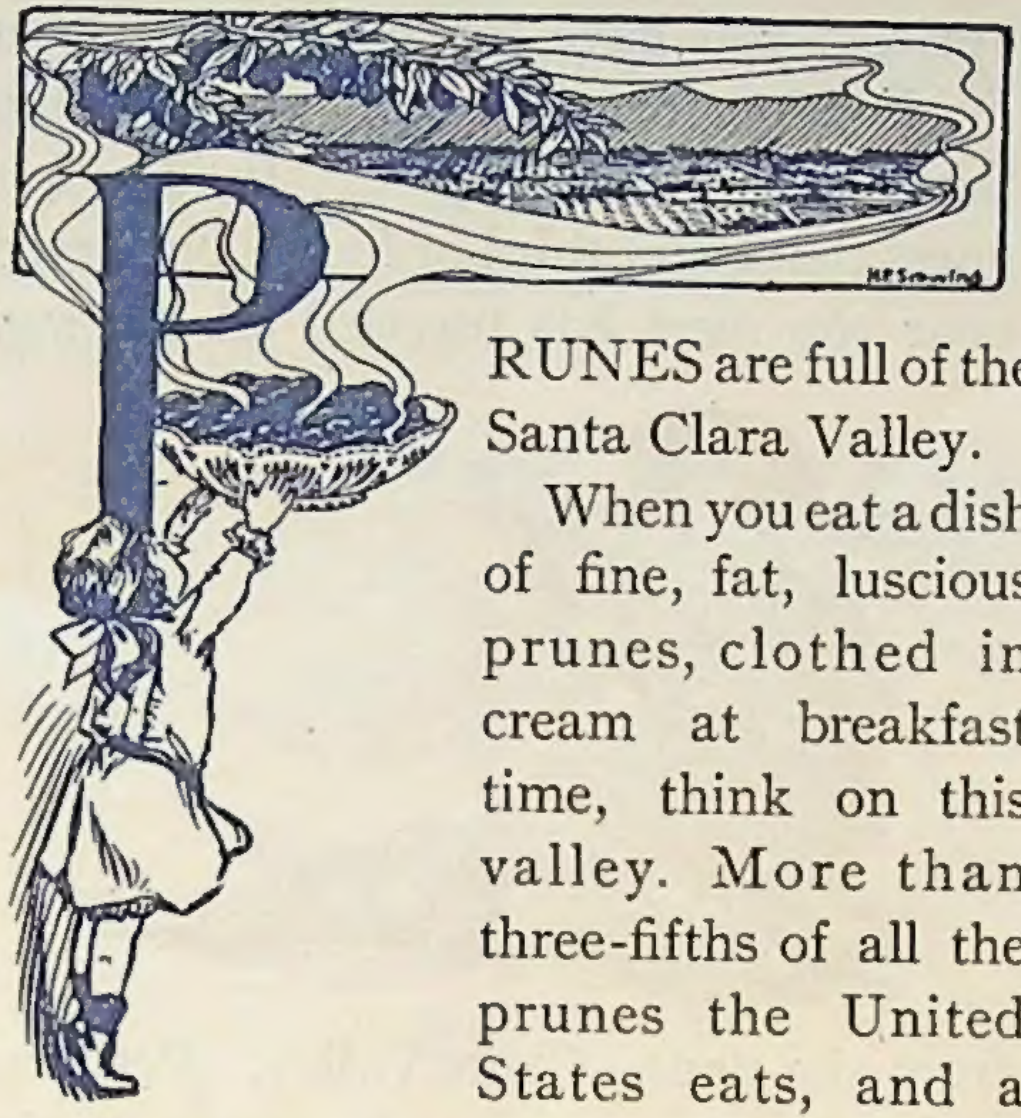


PRUNES are full of the Santa Clara Valley.

When you eat a dish of fine, fat, luscious prunes, clothed in cream at breakfast time, think on this valley. More than three-fifths of all the prunes the United States eats, and a good many that make breakfast in Europe, grew in the Santa Clara Valley.

This valley smiles at you from your dining-room table with more than prunes. Chances are even the cherries you are eating came from there. They are more than even that the big, round, golden

apricots you have for dessert, whether in London or Chicago, grew within thirty miles of San Jose. It is a fair guess that every third or fourth preserved pear you meet has traveled all the way

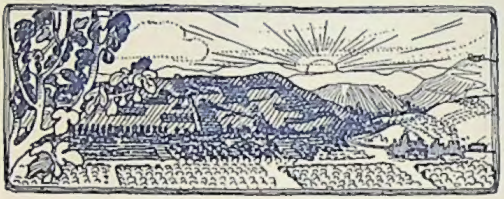
from the Santa Clara Valley. Peaches, pears, plums, pomegranates—all the popular p's—grow in this valley like children at home. Here are grapes—table-grapes and dry wine-grapes—garden vegetables, asparagus by the train load, English walnuts, apples, berries, and so on, till any ordinary table

would be loaded with the good things from this one valley.

It's a garden of fruit and flowers fifty miles long, five to twenty wide, with San Jose in the center.

Over the garden wall means to the east over Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, 4,269 feet high. That is, the mountain is that high. The telescope is much higher, for it will take you nearer the moon and other celestial bodies you long for and can't reach, than any other

telescope, save maybe one, on this earth. The telescope is the second largest and the sky the first clearest among all observatories. Step up thirty or forty millions some evening and meet Mars

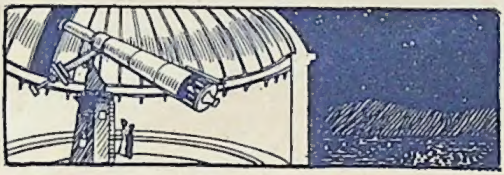


and other neighbors you should know.

Halley's comet will hold receptions there this winter and spring, especially spring, and about April you better attend, if you would like to meet a comet face to face that leaves a little later on a seventy-five year trip into the heart of the darkest universe. This comet will appear to us as big as sixty moons. How big that is the observatory will tell you.

Automobiles run daily over a fine

mountain road twenty-seven miles from San Jose to the mountain top. There are trips in the evening also for star-gazers, and the astronomers set aside Saturday evenings, and sometimes others,



to give you that forty million mile lift.

The way up starts among orchards. The hillsides are as polished rugs—big green-grass rugs, with spring borders of poppies and other wild flowers woven in by the acre.

Near the point where the road starts uphill, and some seven miles from San Jose, is Alum Rock Canyon—a deep cleft in the mountain side, with sixteen kinds of mineral water, a fine running

stream, and many trees. It is a city park, and the city has added such attractions as restaurant, plunge bath, wild animals, tame birds, benches, lawns and flowers. An electric road ties it to San Jose.

Over the garden wall to the west means over the Santa Cruz mountains to where the sun goes down, and also to big trees three hundred feet high, and to the Pacific Ocean, bigger yet.

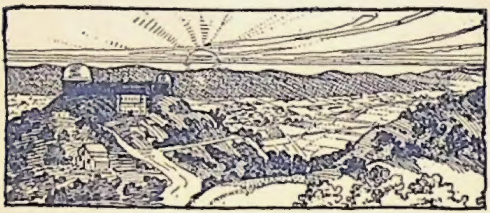
This mountain wall has no observatory, but it has wonderful redwood forests, eighteen thousand acres in one forest of trees averaging two hundred feet high. It has canyons—shady can-

yons, with everliving mountain streams. Nature has filled it full of fancy playhouses. It is one big camp ground in summer time, and the resorts are too

many to name in one simple primer. Surely this is summer dreamland come true.

The trees are a mixed family up here. The redwood (*sequoia sempervirens*) is the most important and imposing. The first half of its name has a literary club named after it in San Francisco, and the last half a woodscraft club named after

it in San Jose. But the wild cherry, the flaming madrona, the pines, the sycamore, the oaks and the mountain laurel—beautiful green bay-tree—elbow the redwood to attract attention.



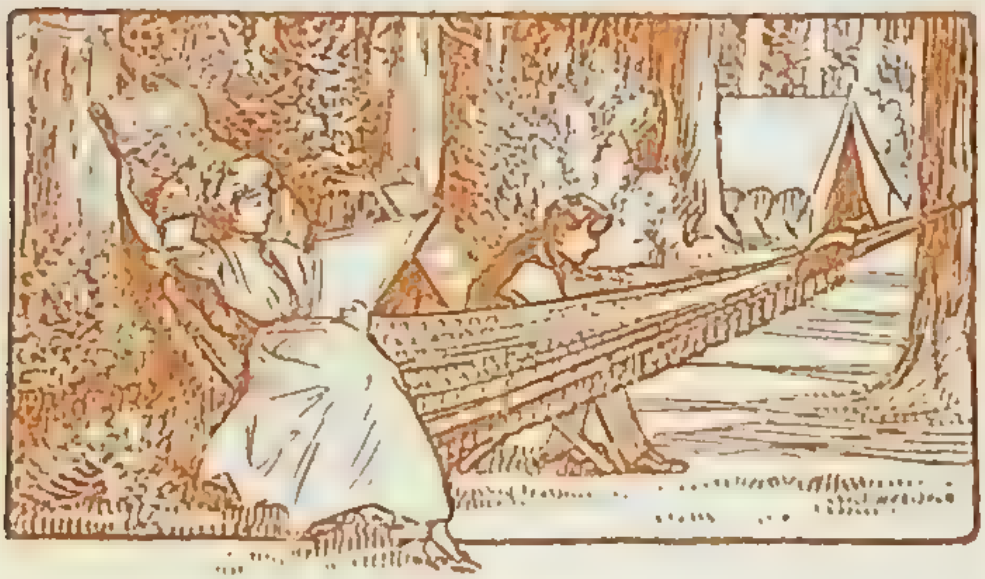
It is a summer country for campers-out with the camp-top two hundred feet above them; it is a winter country, bright and fresh with California winter flowers and showers, and much alive in California's winter sun.

A canyon of canyons peeks through the wall into the valley at Saratoga, ten miles west of San Jose. It's a deep, wooded chasm, with a rollicking stream.

Almost at the mouth, in this rift in the mountains, it grows into an open oval fringed with a grove of trees. Just beyond the stream and trees, in a side cleft a few hundred yards long, comes forth

a California surprise in a bubbling mineral spring, with table water that presently shall be favorably known all over the United States. No place has more natural attractions for those who would spend summer out-of-doors than Congress Springs. An electric line, which is made to stop at the door to this en-

chanted canyon, brings people from San Jose, Los Gatos, Congress Junction, Palo Alto and other steam railroad stations.

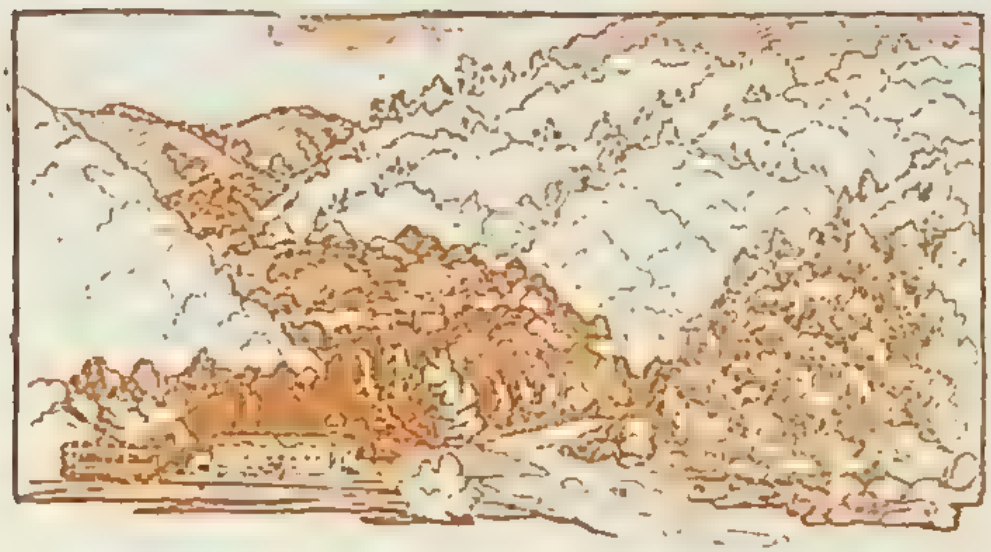


So much for these garden walls three thousand to four thousand feet high on either side of the garden. How about the garden itself?

Did you ever see one hundred square miles of trees in snow-white blossom at one time? A sea of white, scented blossom? That is the Santa Clara Valley in March.

Did you ever see an orchard of more than one hundred square miles golden and purple with fruit? That is the Santa Clara Valley from June to November.

In one year this valley has given the



world 130,000,000 pounds of prunes. Prunes cured average eighty to the pound. So 10,400,000,000 white, fragrant blossoms had to turn to fruit. There must have been other billions that withered on the stem. All this bloom comes at practically one time—a week in the latter part of March. Nowhere else in the world may such a sight be seen.

Every tree is a mound of white with busy bees about it. There are four hundred miles of good rock ballasted highways through these orchards, almost no fences, and really nothing to mar the view except an occasional keep-out sign.

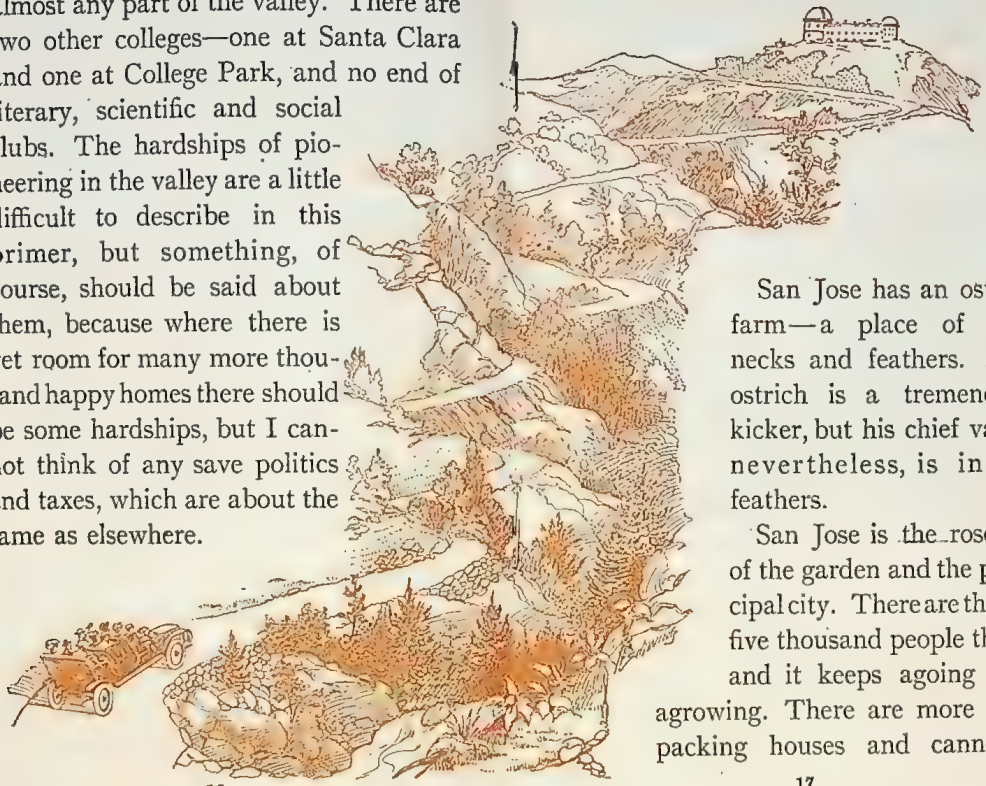
The rich land of the Santa Clara Valley has sent its green fruit, canned fruit and cured fruit to the farthest corner groceries in China, Labrador, Patagonia, Africa, and the several jumping-off places, but if you ask any resident what product he is most proud of, he will promptly answer "Climate."

The people who have lived there a year think its future is in intensive cultivation—a gradual increased growth in population and trees; those two years, say its climate will turn it all into villa lots in another decade; while those of five years' stay are calmly awaiting the time when an ignorant world shall learn

the truth and turn the whole valley into town lots with a bungalow on every quarter-acre.

All the rural residents here who rough it away from town have phones and electric lights and electric power for pumping, and daily newspaper and mail delivery. The huckster from town brings them fresh vegetables and eggs, and the grocer and meat man call and deliver orders daily. Some of the most hardy pioneers raise their own chickens, and a few of the boldest have their own gardens. But the autos are more popular than the gardens. Electric interurban cars run merrily through the orchards and along the foothills and up into canyons. There are graded public schools with fine buildings, high schools, private schools, and a state normal school, all in easy reach. Stanford University can be attended by students living at home from

almost any part of the valley. There are two other colleges—one at Santa Clara and one at College Park, and no end of literary, scientific and social clubs. The hardships of pioneering in the valley are a little difficult to describe in this primer, but something, of course, should be said about them, because where there is yet room for many more thousand happy homes there should be some hardships, but I cannot think of any save politics and taxes, which are about the same as elsewhere.



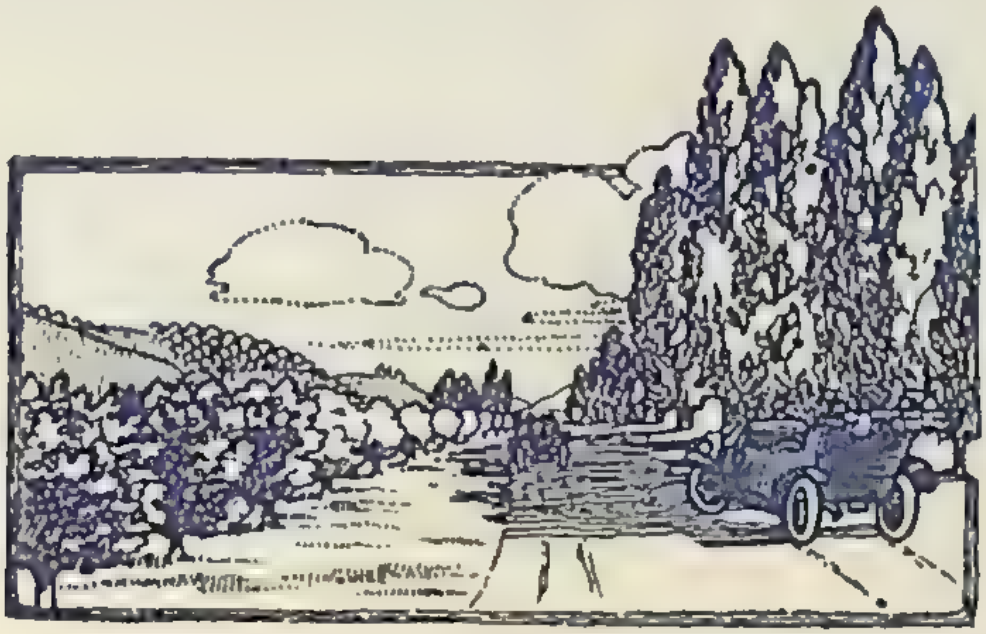
San Jose has an ostrich farm—a place of long necks and feathers. The ostrich is a tremendous kicker, but his chief value, nevertheless, is in his feathers.

San Jose is the rosebed of the garden and the principal city. There are thirty-five thousand people there, and it keeps agoing and agrowing. There are more fruit packing houses and canneries

there than perhaps at any other point, and it is very much worth while during the busy season to go about them and see other people work. Quite generally visitors are welcome. The city itself is a park

placed around two or three miles of business blocks of brick and stone and cement. The national, city, state and county public buildings represent an investment of two million dollars. The fine tourist hotel, the Vendome, is in

the heart of town, but with a private park of several acres about it. Electric and steam railways run in all directions. San Jose is a commercial city of importance, with many manufactories and mercantile



firms of some size, but these do not interfere with its charm as just a good place to live in and a quite rapidly increasing number of persons with all the money they need are settling there accordingly.

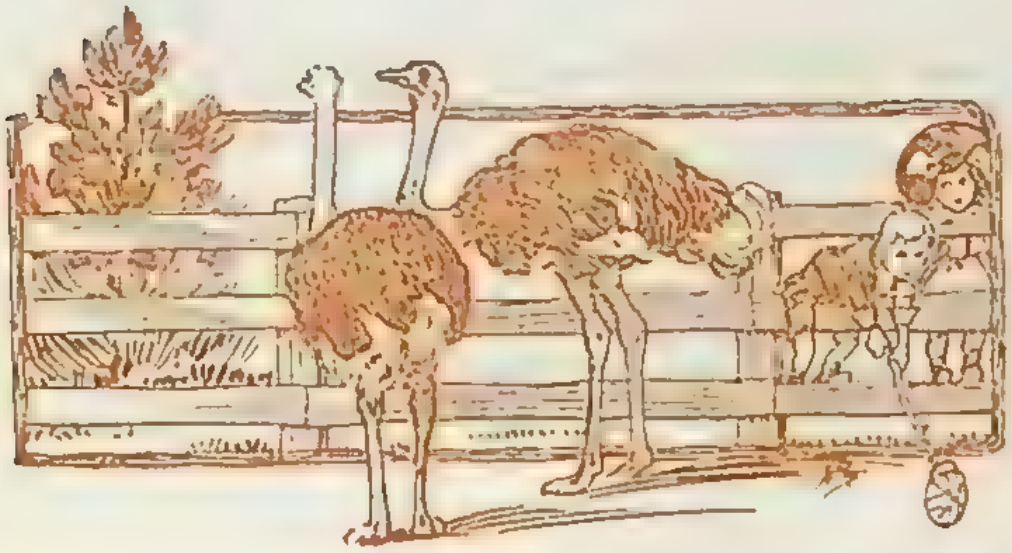
Palo Alto is the second city, eighteen miles north of San Jose and thirty south

of San Francisco. It is at the north end of the valley, and is set at the entrance to Stanford University. Palo Alto is a university town and proud of it. A

large part of its population is made up of people who like to sit at the feet of learning, and send their boys and girls through the nearby gateway to the place of knowledge.

Leland Stanford, Jr., University is in a large park west of Palo Alto—a park over a mile long and about a mile wide. This school has the finest university

buildings and grounds in America. The revenue from $30,000,000 goes to help boys and girls get knowledge and grow ideas. On the Road of a Thousand Wonders, it is great enough to make one



wonder how its beauty and magnificence came about.

A youth dying, his father a statesman and railroad builder, founded this University for sweet memory's sake, and the mother, equally devoted, followed to completion the plans of Senator Stanford after the latter had gone.

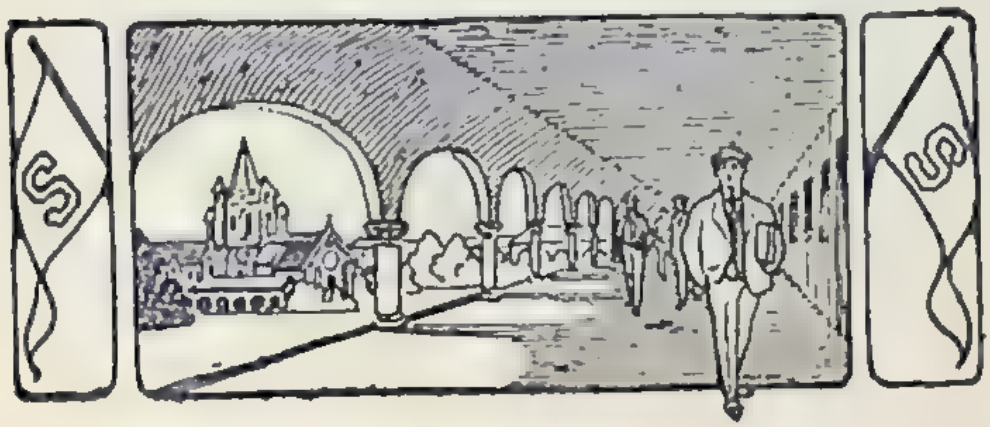
The University buildings are now

reached by electric cars from Palo Alto, San Jose and intermediate points. The little journey through pictures of wonderland between San Jose and Palo Alto

may be made by either electric line along the foothills or by steam line through the thriving towns of Santa Clara, Sunnyvale and Mountain View.

Santa Clara elbows San Jose—the two are almost a single settlement. Santa Clara is a collection of four thousand contented people with municipal im-

provements that are models. Santa Clara college is here—likewise a school for girls. Here is the old Santa Clara Mission, founded January 12, 1777, with its ancient walls and yet more ancient vestments and pictures. There are



woodworking factories, canneries, packing houses, tanneries and wineries to keep the people busy.

Sunnyvale is an industrial town built among the oaks on a beautiful upland. Here are more factories than in any town of thrice its size in the State. Fat orchards grow hereabouts.

Mountain View is a get-up and get-place of two thousand five hundred

people, with excellent schools, a large printing establishment, and many other industries. The orchard section round about is not surpassed in the world.

South of San Jose, along the Road of a Thousand Wonders, are the prosperous

colonies of Morganhill and San Martin, and just beyond is Gilroy. Gilroy, with its two thousand people, is at the southern portal of the valley with some of the earliest settled and richest garden sections of this garden valley. Here, in June, hundreds of acres of sweet peas may be seen, vividly coloring the landscape with their blossoms.

The western gateway through the garden wall is commanded by the town of Los Gatos, which, clinging to terraced hillsides, is the most picturesque of all our towns. It is on the scenic way to Santa Cruz—the mountain railroad

route. While it owns many industries connected with fruit raising, its three thousand population is being chiefly added to by people in search of beauty and ideal climate. A small army of San Francisco business men and their families camp here in summer. What is true of Los Gatos is true of all the foothill section from Los Gatos north to Stanford University. Its superb scenery, ideal

climate and wealth of soil are turning it all into villa lots and country homes. The Peninsular Electric Railway and the cut-off Santa Cruz short line of the Southern Pacific have just recently made it accessible. There is no fairer country under the sun.

Nippon Mura, three miles north of Los Gatos, on the electric line, is a delightful place of simple hospitality where mine host Morris and his wife make all at home. It is a resort after Japanese fashion, for its owners lived twenty years in the land of the cherry blossom. None other in California is just like it.

Northward along the foothills are Saratoga, Monta Vista, Los Altos and Mayfield. Saratoga, just below Congress Springs, is the summer home of many San Jose business people and has a considerable all-year population of

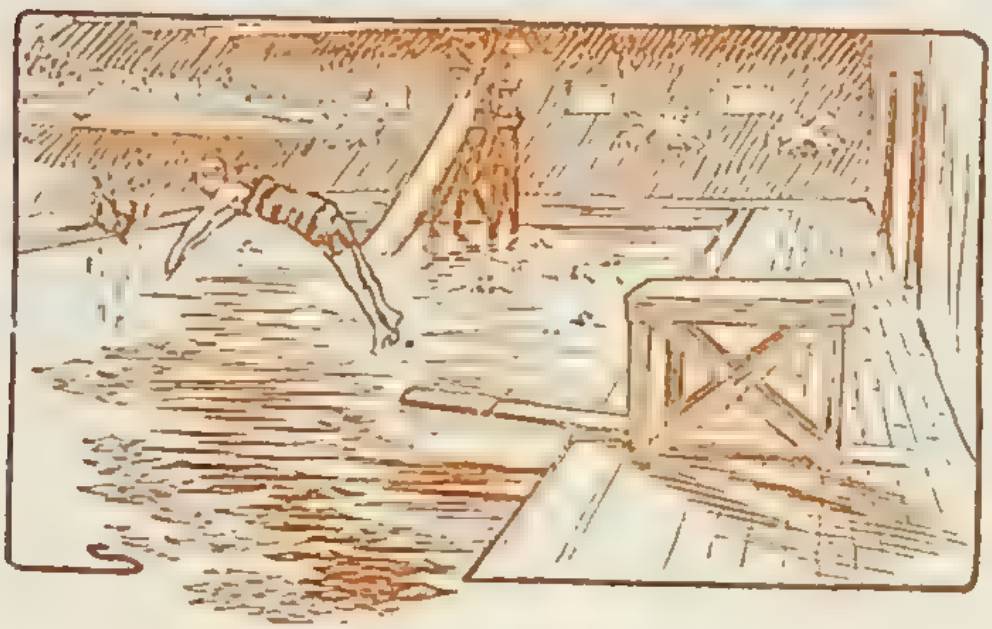
people who value climate, view and flowers.

Monta Vista is, as yet, little more than a name, Cupertino, a mile away, com-

manding the business. Both are destined to grow rapidly as the country becomes known.

Los Altos is a suburban residence place a year old, and growing with marvelous rapidity. Beauty of location

and climate are remarkable as assets. Its founders have shown their faith by having spent and spending over a hundred thousand dollars for waterworks, cement sidewalks, streets, sewers and



trees. All these foothill towns have both steam and electric car service.

Mayfield adjoins Stanford University on the south, and with its excellent steam railway service and newly-completed street-car lines, is in fair way to become a delightful suburban town. It is the

railway gateway to the valley on the north.

There are many little settlements half hidden in the orchards of the valley. Campbell, five miles from San Jose, is

one with much charm. New Almaden, famous for its quicksilver mines, Alviso, on the bay, Milpitas, in a rich vegetable and dairy section, Evergreen among orchards; many a rose is there in this garden.

Let me prescribe a week of joy for you.

Come to San Jose, comfortably make yourself at home, and then by automobile or electric car, *travel.* Just little journeys up to Lick Observatory, to Congress Springs, to Alum Rock Canyon, to Stanford University, to Nippon Mura, to the picturesque foothills, to the orchard cities. View the valley from foothill and mountain heights, the mountains from the valley floor, and the wide stretch of orchards from anywhere. You will say the garden valley is a place of charms and your stay worth while.

Many more words are written about this Valley. The best of them you can get by writing to the San Jose Chamber of Commerce, or the Peninsular Railroad Company at San Jose.

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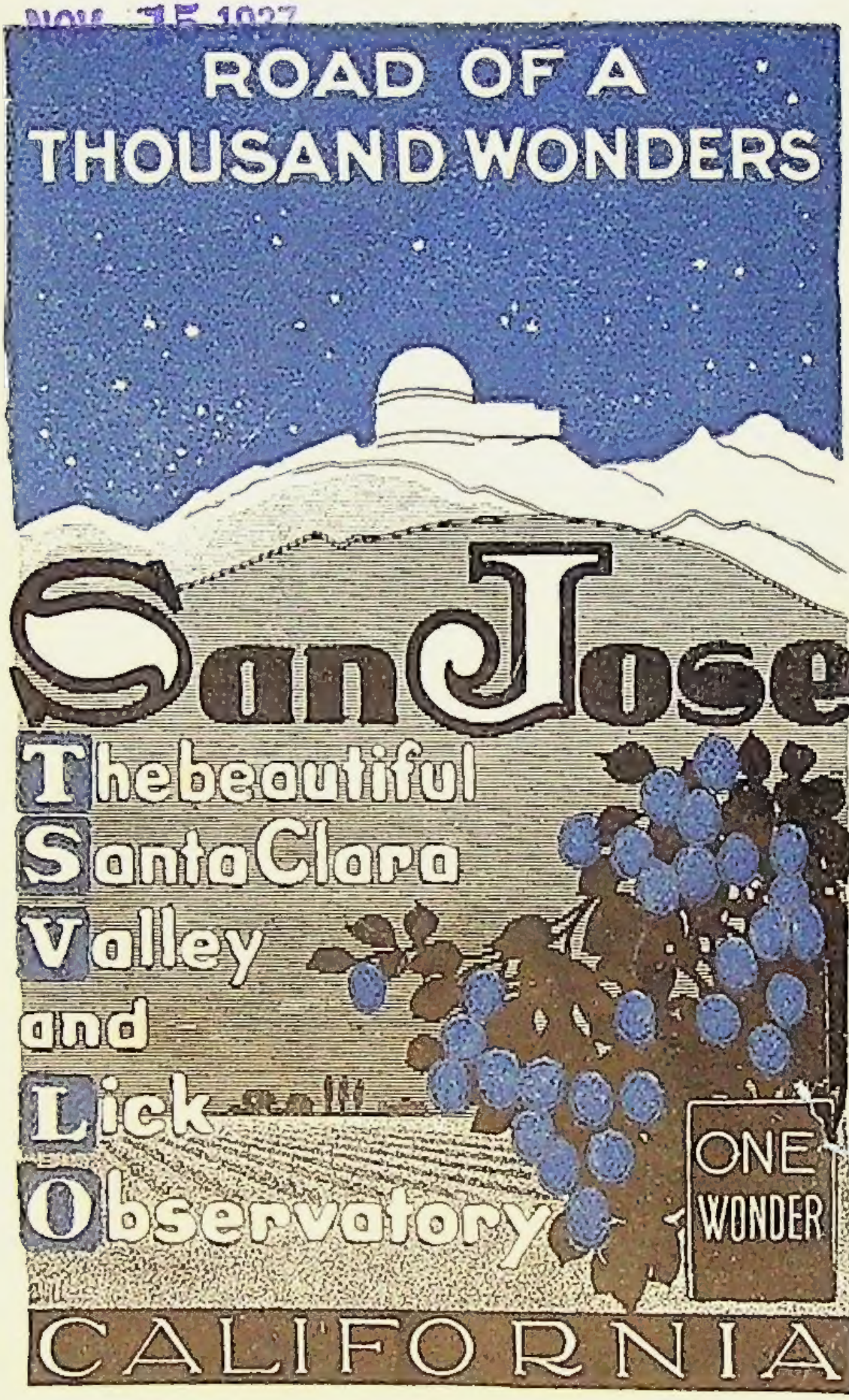

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